
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

OCTOBER, 1815.

A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF
MRS. ELIZABETH MONTAGUE;

WHOSE PORTRAIT WAS PREFIXED TO OUR NUMBER FOR
SEPTEMBER.

THIS lady was the daughter of Matthew Robinson, Esq. of West Layton, in Yorkshire, of Coveney, Cambridgeshire, and of Mount Morris, in Kent, by Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Robert Drake, Esq. She was born at York, October 2d, 1720, but lived for some years with her parents at Cambridge; where she derived great assistance in her education from Dr. Conyers Middleton, whom her grandmother had taken as a second husband. Her uncommon sensibility and acuteness of understanding, as well as her extraordinary beauty as a child, rendered her an object of great notice and admiration in the university; and Dr. Middleton was accustomed to require from her an account of the learned conversations at which, in his society, she was frequently present; not admitting the excuse of her tender age as a disqualification, but insisting, that although at the present time she could but imperfectly understand their meaning, she would in future derive great benefit from the habit of attention inculcated by this prac-

tice. Her father, a man of considerable intellectual powers and taste, was proud of the distinguished notice bestowed on his daughter, and contributed to increase in her the vivacity of wit with which she naturally abounded. In her early education, however, Mrs. Montague did not receive those strong impressions of the truth of divine revelation which she acquired at a later period from her intimacy with Gilbert West and Lord Lyttleton. It was reserved for the influence of the steady principles of Christianity, to correct the exuberant spirit of her genius, and to give the last touches of improvement to her character.

In 1742, she was married to Edward Montague, Esq. of Denton Hall, in Northumberland, and Sandleford Priory, in Berkshire, grandson of the first Earl of Sandwich, and member of several successive parliaments for the borough of Huntingdon. By his connections and her own, she obtained an extensive range of acquaintance; but selected, as her especial friends and favourites, persons distinguished for taste and talents. She was left by Mr. Montague, who died without issue in 1775, in great opulence; and maintained her establishment in the learned and fashionable world for many years with great *eclat*, living in a style of most splendid hospitality. She died in her eightieth year, at her house in Portman-square, August 25th, 1800.

She early distinguished herself as an author, by "Three Dialogues of the Dead," published with Lord Lyttleton's; and afterwards by her classical and elegant "Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakspeare," in which she amply vindicated our great poet from the gross, illiberal, and ignorant abuse, thrown out against him by Voltaire. Many years after she had received the approbation of all persons of critical taste on this performance, it fell into the hands of Cowper, the poet, who, on reading it, says to his correspondent, "I no longer wonder that Mrs. Montague stands at the head of all that is called learned, and that every critic veils his bonnet at her superior judgement." "The learning, the good sense, the sound judgement, and

the wit displayed in it, fully justify, not only my compliment, but all compliments that either have been already paid to her talents, or shall be paid hereafter."

Few persons had associated more with men, eminent either for their genius or their rank: she had lived at the table of the second Lord Oxford, the resort of Pope and his contemporaries; she was the intimate friend of Pulteney and Lyttleton, and she survived to entertain Johnson and Goldsmith, and Burke and Reynolds, till their respective deaths. Dr. Beattie was frequently her inmate, and for many years her correspondent; and Mrs. Carter was, from their youth, her intimate friend, correspondent, and visitor. For the most learned of these, she was a suitable correspondent and companion, as is evident from her letters, and was acknowledged by all who heard her conversation. It was, however, her defect, that she had too great a regard to the manners and habits of the world, and checked her transcendent talents by a sacrifice to the cold dictates of worldly wisdom. Her understanding was as sound as her fancy was lively; her taste was correct and severe; and she penetrated the human character with an almost unerring sagacity; but her love of popularity, and her ambition of politeness, controuled her expressions, and concealed her real sentiments from superficial observers. Since her death, four volumes of her epistolary correspondence have been published by her nephew and executor, Matthew Montague, Esq.; but the series is not yet completed.

She formed a literary society, which, for some years, was the topic of much conversation, under the name of "The Blue Stocking Club." This title is said to have arisen from the circumstance of a person excusing himself from going to one of its very early meetings, on account of his being in *deshabillé*; to which it was replied—"No particular regard to dress is necessary in an assembly devoted to the cultivation of the mind; so little attention, indeed, is paid to the dress of the parties, that a gentleman would not be thought very *outré* who should appear in blue stockings."

MODERN LETTER-WRITING.

THE following extract from a letter, is so pleasant a ridicule of the *novel-like* style, that it may not be unacceptable to our readers.

"With many thanks for your "Liberal Opinions," allow me to communicate to you the "Delicate Distress" of a "Female Quixotte." Notwithstanding the "Complete Angler," we have had no sport this week; and though we are "Voluntary Exiles" from the pleasures of London, *old Papa* Thames is ungallant enough to frown upon our "Expedition," and deny us the opportunity of teaching the finny fry the "Dangers of Credulity." Do not blame me for being the "Pupil of Pleasure;" for what "Welch Heiress" is not subject to "Juvenile Indiscretions!" But you must attribute them to the "Errors of Education," and not to "False Morality." I hear that certain politicians are endeavouring to make Englishmen turn "American Wanderers," but I fear they will find in the "Miseries of Civil War," too full a proof of the "Romance of Real Life." Many an "Heiress" will become a "Widow;" and while the "Man of Honour" remembers "Tales of other Times," probably the "Sorrows of the Heart" will excite the "Tears of Sensibility." But enough of "Moral Maxims." Our "Half-pay Officer" is become a "Recluse of the Lake;" and would by this time have proved a "Perfect Piscator," if we had not made a "Fatal Discovery," that "A Fool of Quality" had drawn all the fish with a net, to sell them at the next market-town. "I knew him not at first, but took him for a Fishmonger." Where is the "Innocent Fugitive," the vocal dame, who has sacrificed "All for Love?" Does she still believe in the "Simple Story" of "Love in a Cottage?" or does she now begin to find "The Fatal Effects of Inconstancy?"

THE GOSSIPER, No. IX.

————— Videt, ridetque —————. HOR.

Whate'er he sees to his amusement tends.

TO THE GOSSIPER.

Sir,

As I conclude you pass your time in some quiet, retired part of the metropolis "from year's end to year's end," immersed to your chin in books and papers, it may not, perhaps, be disagreeable to you to spend a few minutes to-morrow at your breakfast, in learning in what manner a considerable portion of the world amuse themselves at this season of the year.

My papa having had a fit of the gout this summer, was recommended to spend a month or two at the sea-side; he, in consequence, repaired six weeks since to ———, with my manima, my sister, and myself. And in truth, Mr. Gossiper, never did I behold a more delightful place; it was the first time I had seen the ocean, so that you may easily conceive how much I was delighted and astonished at so sublime a sight. I could not refrain from tears, but, like Miranda's in the Tempest, they were pleasing tears. There appeared something so wonderful in large bodies floating on the boisterous waves at the mercy of the winds, and that these bodies should contain living creatures in them, that I was at first almost tempted to consider it an illusion. The beach presented a pleasing and active scene; at one part you beheld an invalid hobbling along, or wheeled in a chair; at another, parties conversing with gaiety, and carrying in their faces the healthy effects of the sea breezes. Casting your eyes upon the sea, you discerned a fishing-boat making for the shore, where a large party of women and boys were:

waiting its arrival; soon you perceived the fish removed into baskets, and carried off. All this was new and amusing to me; it was with difficulty I was drawn from the spot to our lodgings, which command a good view of the sea. In the evening we repaired to the library, where some were raffling, and others playing at *bagatelle*, or conversing in separate coteries. To sketch the company at all accurately, is beyond my art. At one corner of the room sat a gouty alderman, in earnest conversation with a thin, hypocondriac clergyman. The latter observed, he thought persons might employ their time and their money better than in countenancing such lotteries. "Lotteries!" exclaimed the first; "I don't see how they are any ways *injudicial* to young people; and as for state lotteries, the Chancellor of the Exchequer finds 'em no bad helps in the budget; and any thing, you must allow, that will go to take off taxes, is good; and when consols are only at 57"— Here I left them, and walking to another part, perceived an Irish officer complimenting a maiden lady, apparently above fifty. "By St. Patrick," said he, "my dear Madam, there's not a lass in Dublin dear city that can shew such a face." "Oh! captain," exclaimed the *youthful* fair one, "the eloquence of your tongue can alone be excelled by the bravery of your heart; but spare my blushes." "By my shoul, dearest angel," replied the hero, "I love your blushes; they speak the warmth of your young and tender heart." Being quite tired of such stuff, I was determined to hear something of a discourse with which a very great beau was entertaining a party of ladies, who were laughing excessively. "'Pon honor," said he, "my deaw ladies, I pæotest that my very good friend, Siw Charles, and myself, aftew youwer wetweat fwom town, thought it insupportably wretched; nothing so howwid as London in the dog-days, when no way of beauty sheds its wavishing effulgence over the benighted stweets." "Well, my Lord," exclaimed one of the ladies, laughing, "I am sure we're all indebted for your company and for your compliment. Now, my Lord, may I ask, did Sir

Charles and yourself manufacture your last brilliant effusion on the road?" "Impromptu, I protest, Madam." Here having caught his Lordship's attention, and perceiving he was about to raise his quizzing-glass to his eye, I thought it prudent to move off.

In short, Mr. Gossiper, I should tire you, were I to sketch all the characters which composed this (if I may be allowed so fine a word) *heterogeneous* assembly. I only wished that you had been present; as I conceive, like the bee, you could have extracted some sweets from the most singular characters.

Little as I am inclined to meditate and moralize, I cannot view the number of persons, so different in age, taste, and appearance, resorting to a watering-place, without interest and surprize. Many, beyond dispute, are induced to repair thither in the hope of restoring their health, and such persons are accompanied by their families; thus a part of the company is accounted for. But to assign the reason for the appearance of so many in seemingly good health, requires more consideration. Now it strikes me, that many great folks, who live in splendor in the metropolis, find it by no means inconvenient to pass a month or two in the summer by the sea-side in a comparatively inexpensive style. The Cit who for ten months of the year does not go beyond the sound of Bow bell, except for a Sunday, fancies, by an excursion of this kind with his family, to lay up a stock of health sufficient to last them the year; besides, they have an opportunity of somewhat associating with persons whom they can, at other times, only see in the park or the theatre, moving in a more elevated sphere. And above all, I am uncharitable enough to believe, many mammas, who can give their daughters no fortunes, and can boast of *no family at home*, think it no bad speculation to try a watering-place. Nor do I think some of the other sex are behind-hand with them; needy adventurers, spend-thrifts, &c. may for a time assume the character of gentlemen, and sometimes long enough to answer their ends. I

must say, I was not sorry at finding a couple, who had been carrying on a mutual deceit between them at this place, both taken in, by running off to Gretna Green. The probably unhappy consequences, however, of such a match, one would not be so unkind as to wish them to experience.

For myself, however, Mr. Gossiper, I am perfectly happy and contented here. I fancy I see the great world in miniature; though I fear you will think me vain and impertinent, in endeavouring to present a picture to your view with which you are, perhaps, infinitely better acquainted than myself. If, however, I shall afford you a moment's amusement, I shall feel I have, in some measure, discharged a debt I owe for the pleasure I have derived from the perusal of your writings.

I am, Sir,

Your obliged humble servant,

MARIA.

“GOOD WINE NEEDS NO BUSH.”

MR. SHERIDAN, at Lord G.'s, after dinner, drinking some excellent wine, without passing any encomiums upon it, his Lordship soon brought out some very indifferent. “This is good wine indeed,” said Sheridan. “This wine,” added the noble Lord, “is not worth fifty pounds a pipe; the first was fine-flavoured, and has been in my cellar many years.” “I know that very well,” replied the former, “I forbore to praise it; 'tis this that needs commendation.”

THE ALTERNATIVE.

M. DE —, having lent some money to one of his friends, who since that time had endeavoured to avoid him, met him one day, and thus accosted him. “Either give me back my money, or give me back my friend.”

THE CHILD OF THE BATTLE;

BY H. FINN.

(Continued from page 135.)

TEN smiling years soon revolved, and I experienced no diminution of content. One inauspicious morning as I was returning from a ramble amongst the forest with my fowling-piece, I heard a voice entreating for help; I hastened to the hedge that separated the wood from the road, and discovered a man raising a bludgeon, to strike another who lay prostrate and bleeding on the ground. I instantly levelled my gun, and succeeded in my intention of wounding his uplifted arm; he suddenly let fall his weapon, and fled to a horse near, which having mounted, he soon rode beyond the chance of being overtaken by me. A cart passing on to the next village, I engaged its owner to convey the wounded man to my residence. His dress was that of a gentleman; his hurts were trivial; and a few hours after our arrival, during which he had been taking rest, I had the pleasure of receiving an invitation to a conference with him. I hastened to obey it, and had a better opportunity of observing him; the agitation of my mind preventing my previous observation. While he lay in a state of insensibility, he appeared to be about fifty years of age; his features were by no means prepossessing; the deep furrows in his cheek, his hollow eye, and heavy brow, imparted to them an aged appearance, and I rightly judged him to be ten years younger than his face expressed. The sensation of dislike to persons on a first interview, I believe, has been frequently experienced, and I felt the unaccountable motive operate strongly against the stranger while gazing upon his countenance; but each impression prejudicial to him was gradually and finally effaced when I heard him express the gratitude he felt for my assistance, and expatiate upon the

danger he had encountered ; his voice combined a melody of intonation that interested my wonder and regard, with an equal depth which arrested my respect ; his gesture was naturally graceful, and his language the emanations from a refined soul ; his eloquence was irresistible, and, had I forborne to examine his features, imagination might have mistaken him for a being above mortality ; such were the persuasive powers he boasted over his auditor. He introduced himself as the Earl of Glenfield, and strenuously enforced a proposal for me to accompany him to London. I rejected it at first, knowing well the danger attendant on the indulgence of pleasure, and the liability to contract habits contrary to those I had selected in my retirement, and which are less readily eradicated than those more consistent with propriety. The Earl thought it necessary to continue at the cottage till his health should be perfectly re-established ; preferring the sea-breeze, and situation of the cottage, to that of his friend, from whose inland seat he had strayed when he was suddenly encountered by the ruffian. I communicated my short history to him ; and the concern he shewed at some circumstances which I have mentioned as interesting events, in such a youthful existence, convinced me he felt a more than common predilection in my favour. He argued against the impropriety of immuring the talents I possessed in solitude ; and by a delicate administration of flattery, joined with a latent desire to behold the metropolis, induced me to accept his offers of patronage, and be the companion of his journey. A week subsequent, beheld us on the road to London. The kindness and attentive solicitude the Earl, on every occasion, betrayed for my welfare, called forth and received my gratitude in a similar manner. This extreme anxiety sometimes was productive of unpleasant feelings to myself, as he would often request a recapitulation of events that had caused my deepest regret ; yet his tears flowed in unison with mine at the sad recital of my father's fate, and he manifested a heart-felt pleasure at the preservation of my life.

It seemed apparent, that excess of feeling constituted a principal trait in the Earl's disposition ; and my seclusion from the world and its votaries prevented me from examining beyond the obvious surface of the human character. I had read, it is true ; but the lineaments of theory afforded but a slight help to trace their bad counterpart in a portrait drawn by experience. The warning conveyed by a perusal of viciousness in idea, is very inefficient to guard the heart against its approach in reality. Imagination cannot give the alluring look, the influence of voice, the winning manners of hypocrisy, competent to assume and discard every amiable, or its opposite quality.

We had scarcely alighted from the Earl's carriage, at an hotel on our road, before it was surrounded by a crowd. Hearing a confused murmur, I walked to a window that fronted the road, and beheld some of the villagers forcibly conveying a man into the inn-yard. The casual glance I caught of his countenance, seemed to bring a vague familiarity with it. When the waiter entered, I enquired into the cause of the bustle. His information was, that a suspicious-looking fellow had stopped, a few minutes before our arrival, at a smith's shop near the hotel, to have the shoe of a horse, on which he rode, fastened ; when some by-standers remarked, that the arms on the Earl's carriage and those on the bridle of the man's horse were similar ; this created a doubt of the latter's honesty, and led to his apprehension. The waiter added a wish for his Grace to identify the animal ; and said, that the man requested to see him, stating his name to be O'Connor, and that he was known to the Earl. The Earl was evidently perturbed at the mention of the name, but instantaneously calming his agitation, observed, " I cannot recall the knowledge of such a name ; however, let him be admitted, and probably I may then recognize him." I had now brought his features to my recollection, and exclaimed, " I am confident it is the very villain who assaulted your Grace, when heaven made me its instrument in preserving you." The circum-

stance of the horse which he had escaped with, confirmed the correctness of my memory. The Earl affected to treat my statement as improbable. The man was summoned, and I had no remaining doubts of his identity. The Earl asked a few unimportant questions, and was about to dismiss him as innocent, although he had not accounted for the incident of the horse, which belonged to the Earl, being found in his possession. I felt slightly irritated at the determined incredulity of my patron, and his opposition to my repeated assertion; however, I bethought me of an occurrence that would at once afford me an opportunity of producing an unequivocal proof of the man's guilt in attempting the life of the Earl. I therefore recommended him to lay bare his right arm. This he obstinately refused to do; but having related the cause of my former knowledge of him, and its probable effects, the spectators, who were numerous, insisted on his stripping; but he still delaying, they forcibly exposed his arm, and there, as I had predicted to the assembly, the shot-wounds from my fowling-piece were too evident to sanction further hesitation. The Earl, during this scene, regarded me with a look of dark malignity; and observing that I had offended him by my conduct, I resolved, though too late to remedy its first effect, to avoid a repetition. At his earnest solicitation, the crowd that had collected reluctantly quitted the apartment; and he then requested me to leave him alone with the ruffian. I entreated him not to commit his personal safety a second time to the mercy of the man, but he smiled, and observed, "Integrity and virtue, I trust, are their own safeguards." Half an hour passed before I was summoned to his presence; he was alone, and all traces of a vindictive nature had given place to placidity in his features. He requested me to be seated, and closing the door, thus addressed me. "My dear Augustus, I have reflected with regret on the unfavourable construction which my recent actions are liable to; and particularly in the mind of my young friend, whose love of justice was so laudably, yet, per-

haps, untimely signalized. It has been my failing through life, to yield, in a superior degree, to the gentler inspirations; and have, too frequently I fear, sacrificed truth to motives of humanity. The only consolation, you will say, I can derive from a neglect of rigid duty, is the knowledge of a weakness; but when, my dear friend, that weakness is on the amiable side of the question, self-love will never be at a loss for palliatives. I have heard, that acknowledgement of error partly mitigates its punishment; let me hope that, in the present instance, the maxim may be verified. Upon my testimony, the deluded man has been allowed to avoid an ignominious death. His tears, his sincere contrition, and solemn protestations of a prompt and lasting reformation, enforced me to act contrary to the strict rules of right. I own the frailty approaches criminality; but we will hope, the congenial heart will find a tolerating principle, although the judgement sentence me to censure. But tell me ingenuously, ought my feelings, in your estimation, so far to get the better of reason as to permit the escape of guilt?" "Your Grace," I replied, "must be conscious, that years passed in sedentary occupations, and abstracted from the habit of erecting an opinion on the broad basis of self-confidence, afford but few means to mature the judgement, and consequently cannot be depended upon. The tendency of mankind to adopt and maintain opinions, owes its origin, I conceive, seldom to a conviction of their intrinsic worth; sometimes because the same has been maintained by the majority, but very often to a perverseness, and mere desire to oppose, whether right or wrong, the sentiments of another, and willingness to shun the light of reason, however grateful. I boast no pretensions to sophistical ability; my many hours of seclusion have taught me to utter what I feel; and, at the same time, the caution to conceal that feeling where I thought it unlikely to produce a salutary effect either to myself or another. You ask me to speak ingenuously. I think, in thus favouring confirmed guilt, your conduct must be viewed through a

blameable medium. Had there existed an uncertainty of his being the perpetrator of a crime, your lenient conduct might be extenuated ; or, had you acted from the assurance of your reason, for I hope no censure will attach to actions when the heart conceives its own rectitude in their dictation, although others may be assured of their impropriety. The uncivilized savage who sacrifices his fellow-creature in the idea of rendering a meritorious offering to his creator, ought not to suffer for violating an edict of humanity he never learned. But the injury which will accrue to mankind from this man's future depredations, you have become responsible for, by giving a latitude to his power of harming society ; a latitude that may prove more than individually dangerous ; therefore, I presume to think, your mercy was misplaced. There is not sufficient authority in his mere assertion, or oath, for supposing his reformation to be permanent ; such promises might be extorted by his fear in the moment of danger ; and it is hardly possible that such sudden vows of amendment could annihilate the natural and acquired propensities to commit crimes, the growth of years. Villany matured seldom encourages a wish, much more a will, to adopt an opposite course of life ; nor will precept or example work a change, unassisted by fear of present or future punishment." The Earl merely replied, that " perhaps my *speculations* were just ;" and ordered his servants to prepare the carriage, reminding me of the necessity of his being in town on a certain day : he apologized politely for shortening a discussion from which he was likely to derive the greatest advantage, and hastened our departure. I was occupied the remainder of our journey in reflecting on the singularity and inconsistency of his disposition ; that he should injudiciously exercise humanity on an unworthy object, yet own it as opposite to his wishes. The subject was not renewed ; for when I once endeavoured to resume it, he frowned, and started a fresh topic.

(To be continued.)

ESSAY ON THE EFFECTS OF CHIVALRY IN THE DARK AGES.*

THE most exalted pleasure we are capable of deriving from the contemplation of progressive improvement in the opinions, manners, and pursuits of nations, seems but a negative gratification, when compared with that feeling of admiration, excited by a retrospective view of the sudden and sublime transition of the mind from the rudest region of barbarism to a sphere of refinement, at once perfect and resplendent. An acquaintance with the interesting period when the *Genius of Chivalry* appeared in full maturity, before mankind was conscious of its existence, will impress upon the mind a veneration for the age when the most exalted courage, honour, truth, generosity, and every virtue that could distinguish and exalt the character of man, animated his form, and constituted the soul of chivalry. Its institutions were allied to ceremonies that dazzled by their brilliancy, and allured by inspiration; its laws required a rigid observance of duties that tended only to benefit mankind; and its rudiments tended to impress the strongest necessity of religion and love. The magic structure of romance, thus reared from the ruins of intellectual capacity,

* Various theories have been advanced to illustrate the period and nation that gave birth to Chivalry; but the authors evidently mistake the mere resemblance of a general and uncharacteristic nature for the genuine features of Chivalry. It has been traced to Arabia, Scandinavia, and Armorica, comprehending that portion of France which, from the close of the fourth century, was called Brittany; but the peculiar qualities of Chivalry were not combined in their inhabitants. The custom of military investiture, which existed in a rude form among the Germans at the time of Tacitus, proves that the ceremonies of Chivalry did not acquire a separate modification till about the eleventh century.

soon became the centre of attraction, and received within its circle the worthies of Europe. To particularize the institutions of chivalry, degrees of knighthood, ceremonies, equipment, and privileges, will better accord with the efficiency and inclination of the antiquarian than the essayist. Our principal design in sketching the subject, is to ascertain the value of its virtues to society, and estimate its beneficial or injurious effects upon the morals and manners of either sex, not only at the era when it flourished in magnificence and purity, but the sensible influence it has extended to the present age. That the partial spirit of its institutions are observable in our own time, will not admit of doubt; humanity in the operations of war, principles of gallantry, and regard for the point of honour; but to enquire for a corresponding respect for piety, chastity, modesty, and sobriety, among our modern knights, would be considered as absurd as seeking the golden sands of Chili in the bottom of the Thames; and many other qualities which formed the character of a true knight, we must expect to find merely nominal, or only applicable to the female, and consequently more elevated part of the creation; whose manners, instead of indicating the decline and extinction of those virtues estimated and observed by their ancestors, are hourly improving, and augmenting the growth of every amiable qualification. I allude alone to the beauty and modesty of British women; the laxity of manners and morals, so prevalent among foreign ladies, I am proud to observe, have remained foreign to the feelings of British females, except in the few instances where fashion has imported her vices with her modes. I conceive the above digression so closely connected with the remarks I have to advance, that it requires no apology.

By a reference to historical evidence,* we find that the

* Vide Mons. de St. Palage; Memoires sur l'Ancienne Chevalerie; Gibbon, vol. xi. chap. 58; Percy's 3d volume of the Reliques of Ancient Poetry; &c.

young nobility, from the age of seven to that of fourteen, were ranked as pages, and acted in the capacity of waiters at table; nor were those degrees of chivalry considered in a degrading sense, but as a branch of education essential to promote the knowledge and activity of the youthful candidate for fame. The mind and feelings of the pages were early and constantly impressed by love, gallantry, honour, and courage. From the ladies of the castle, they received the rudiments of religion and love, and beheld daily examples of valorous actions. With such precepts and practice to stimulate them, and the pains taken to give a decided bias to the mind already enamoured of activity and enterprise, as well as the more soft and elegant duties of Chivalry, when even among its amusements* were mingled a propelling motive to excel in warfare, our astonishment will be lessened, as we peruse these extravagancies of knight-errantry, resulting from fanatical notions of love and gallantry, so admirably caricatured by Cervantes. But as the passion of love seemed the most predominant stimuli to the exercise of every virtue, we may justly consider the female sex as the source and primary cause of that wonderful revolution which so materially contributed to polish the rude weapons of anti-civilization. These effects could not have been produced without a greater degree of merit existing in the causes; therefore the manners of the ladies were necessarily polite, and uniformly virtuous. Not even the safety of his country, the preservation of his own existence, the commands of his king, could stimulate the knight to such animated bravery as the hope and wish to obtain the approbation of his mistress. From this circumstance, he attached a value to the possession of her most trivial gift which served to keep alive his courage and perseverance

* The game of chess seems to have been acquired from infancy by the knight; its resemblance to warlike operations, the chief employment of existence, and being generally participated by the ladies, would naturally cause it to be preferred, although hawking and hunting were favourite sports.

when assailed by innumerable dangers.* The conclusion is obvious, that the sex were entrusted with a power, or rather exercised a right to retain that elevation in the scale of being which the degeneracy of declining Chivalry has since reduced within the limits of unfounded prejudice, and imparted a just importance to their counsels and advice. It may be argued, that a persuasion of the beauty of his mistress alone would prove an incitement to the noblest energies of the knight, without a reference to her more worthy qualifications. No doubt there were instances of females who had forfeited their claim to propriety of conduct, and such might be selected as the perfection of virtue; nay, many have created a faultless female, and combated for the offspring of their own imagination; but if vice inhabited the bosom of a female, it was not discovered, and if discovered was stigmatised. If the laws of modesty or prudence were transgressed, the dwelling of the lady was marked in such a manner, her character could not be mistaken, and was shunned as unworthy the presence of a true chevalier. The qualification and duties of every system have been evaded and transgressed by its worthless members in a greater degree than that of Chivalry; if we bring into the opposite scale the vast counterpoise of virtues which dignified it. The laws at that period were enervated; and when the hand of justice could not, or dare not, extend its just severity, the arm of Chivalry was lifted to right the injured, and protect the weak. The temper of the age was favourable to hostility, and war became the chief employment, though Chivalry effected an alleviation of its miseries by bestowing humanity on its votaries. A want of knowledge, of intercourse, of mutual aid, was the occasion of uncultivated manners; it introduced and promoted courtesy and kindness. When the temptations to violate truth and breach of faith were most prevalent, it produced

* *Ah! si ma Dame me voyoit*, was the exclamation when a knight achieved a noble feat.

a marked abhorrence of falsehood ; although the personal ills arising from the commission of those vices were but partially comprehended, or trivially experienced. The female sex were benefited by the respectful and delicate attentions which they had created, and were placed upon the level which their claims to intellectual excellence merited. The decline of Chivalry may be attributed to the rise of art ; the discovery of gunpowder superseded the efforts of personal strength ; and printing generated a commercial spirit that soon closed the bright career of Chivalry, an institution connected with our earliest and happiest associations, and endowed with every charm the lovely aid of poetry can impart.

SELF DENIAL ;

A TALE.

(Continued from page 146.)

EVERY thing being arranged for the departure of Mr. Emersly, Cornelia obtained the recommendation of a friend to Mrs. Harcourt, and after the sale of her father's effects, accompanied him to town. She remained with him in a lodging until the hour of his embarkation, and then removed to the mansion of Lady Bute, who had kindly offered her an asylum, until the first ebullitions of grief having subsided, she should be enabled to enter with composure upon her new avocation.

Cleveland made one despairing effort to secure a happiness which he believed was upon the point of being wrested from him for ever ; he wrote to his father, declared his love for Cornelia, and described her merit in most energetic terms ; but Sir Thomas Cleveland, who had, in fact, another match in view for his son, was not to be moved by the so-

phistry of a young man in love; and Cleveland, finding his father inexorable, after addressing a tender farewell remonstrance to his Cornelia, exchanged into a regiment ordered upon foreign service.

Cornelia, in the duties of her present situation, strove to forget her own sorrows, that she might not disgust her young pupils by evincing a degree of melancholy from which the youthful mind is ever averse. Emmeline, her most immediate charge, was wild to a fault, and called for her most sedulous attention; while Louisa, who shared her instructions, though not her restraints, was froward, capricious, and artful, yet she conducted herself with a considerable degree of complacency towards our heroine; as she found her mother entertained a high opinion of her abilities, and the General, who was in fact the oracle of the family, and from whom they had great expectations, expressed his admiration of her in open and undisguised terms. Thus treated with kindness and consideration by all, Cornelia found her situation not so very irksome, and her former cheerfulness gradually returned; for none are so truly happy as those who feel that they merit their own self-approbation and the esteem of others. Anxiety for the fate of her father and her lover, nevertheless caused her many a sleepless night and many a bitter tear; while the portrait of the former, and the last letter of Cleveland, afforded her the only solace fate and her own integrity had left her.

Miss Harcourt, naturally of a prying disposition, had frequently detected the rising sigh and the starting tear, and with more curiosity than delicacy, had solicited her confidence; but Cornelia persisted in shunning any communication of the kind, and Louisa, bent upon gratification, had recourse to the most unjustifiable means of obtaining the knowledge of secrets she so anxiously desired to penetrate. One day, when Cornelia was out in the carriage with her young charge, Miss Harcourt sent for the housekeeper's bunch of keys, and hastening to the governess's room, per-

severingly tried them all, till she found one that fitted the lock of the little desk in which Cornelia kept her treasured letter. This was to her a prize indeed; and rushing into the room where her mother was sitting with General Monckton, she triumphantly displayed her acquisition, asserting, however, that she had found it on the floor of the dressing-room. "Do, pray, mamma, read it; it is such a charming love-letter, and so pathetic, I protest I could not read it without crying." "A love-letter, child!" exclaimed Mrs. Harcourt, snatching it eagerly from her, "why who, in the name of nonsense, can have been writing a love-letter to you?" "Dear mamma, I did not tell you it was addressed to me, but do read it; now pray make haste before Miss Emersly comes home." "Oh, it is Miss Emersly's then; now really, Louisa, I do not think it would be right to read it." "How can you be so silly, mamma? but come, since you are so squeamish, I will read it aloud, and you and the General may stop your ears, if you please." The giddy girl then jumped upon a chair, and putting herself into a theatrical attitude, read the following—

"In compliance with your too rigid mandate, my beloved Cornelia, I am preparing to banish myself for ever from that spot where I once imagined the most perfect happiness awaited me. I have made an attempt to move my father in our favour; alas! it was a vain attempt; for unhappily, I find, he entertains views for my establishment with which I cannot, will not comply. It is surely sufficient to be deprived by stern duty of her I love without condemning myself to a hateful, mercenary marriage. Death appears to me with a less terrific aspect. Yet even while I deplore the effects of your inflexible virtue, my Cornelia, shall I own that it exalts you in my estimation even higher than you were placed by fond fancy before. And can Sir Thomas be insensible to worth like yours? or does he think my too partial judgement has exaggerated your perfections?

I know not how to account for his apathy ; for I thought my father possessed a heart capable of appreciating virtue. But why torment you with these complaints ; either I wrong you, or you feel as poignantly as I do the hardship of a separation that *may be*, that most *probably will be*, eternal. Dearest Cornelia, once more farewell ; I will not bid you remember me, for I well know that a heart like your's must be incapable of inconstancy. Harbour not, then, I charge you, a doubt of mine ; but believe me, to the latest hour of my wretched existence, your's only and unalterably,"

" LIONEL."

" A curious letter, indeed," said Mrs. Harcourt, attempting to smile, though something like a tear glistened in her eye. " So, Miss has been playing the heroine ; but I wonder what could induce her to banish this faithful lover." " Aye, that's what I want to know," cried the volatile Louisa, " I am sure I would not have done so for all the cross papas in the world ; but I must run, and put this tender epistle where I found it." " Stop," said the General, stretching out his hand for the letter, " let me see what sort of a scribe the chap is ;" then turning it over and over, he examined the writing, the seal, and superscription, but without making any comment. " Dear General, give it to me," cried Louisa impatiently, " I am sure you cannot know any thing about it ; but perhaps you are conning it over, that it may serve you for a copy to send to some cruel fair one, when next you are going abroad." " You are a saucy baggage," said the General, laughing, " so get along, or you will say some impertinent thing, and provoke me to tell Miss Emersly how you have exposed her letter." Louisa ran away without heeding the General's threat, and the almost immediate return of Miss Emersly precluded all further conversation on the subject. The General, however, regarded her with scrutinizing attention, and evident increasing admiration. His marked regards and polite attention not only caused Cornelia extreme embarrassment

but also attracted the attention of Mrs. Harcourt, and a sensation not entirely remote from jealousy; for to reveal the truth, the fair widow was not without an idea that the General had other motives in being her constant visitor than mere regard for her children, on account of being their father's friend; and she was not perfectly satisfied to find, that he could have eyes, or thoughts, for any other female when she was present. The General, perhaps to tease her, persevered in his assiduities to Cornelia, and with so little reserve, that her delicacy began to take alarm; and Mrs. Harcourt, though otherwise satisfied with her conduct, not brooking a rival in a dependant, determined at all events to get rid of her.

This intention Mrs. Harcourt soon found occasion to put in force; and the astonished Cornelia received her dismissal with equal regret and consternation. A frivolous pretence had been made by the lady, but Cornelia was too observing not to trace it to its right source. The idea of being thrown destitute upon the world almost overpowered her, for she could not be said to have one friend to advise, or assist her; Lady Bute was then on the continent, and all her former acquaintance had dropped off, knowing her to be in a dependant situation. Anxious to hide her sorrows from the prying eyes of curiosity, she repaired to a small room seldom used by any of the family, and which had formerly been used as a study by Mr. Harcourt; here she sat down to weep in secret, and taking her father's portrait from her bosom, she bathed it with tears of anguish, while her sobs, unknown to herself, gradually became audible. While she was thus absorbed in grief, she heard not the entrance of a person who stood regarding her attentively, until a light hand, placed on her shoulder, caused her to start; and turning, she beheld at her side General Monckton. "What causes this distress, Miss Emersly?" he enquired, in accents of the tenderest interest, and attempting to take her hand, which she cautiously withdrew; "Has any one here been so unfeeling as to give you pain?" "I will not

presume to say, Sir," returned she, rising gravely, and wiping away her tears, "that any one here has evinced want of feeling; but I am sorry to say, that one person here has, in wanton sport, done me a serious injury." "Indeed! and pray who is the indiscreet person?" "One from whose age and gentlemanlike behaviour in other respects, it might least have been expected;—General Monckton." "You astonish me, Miss Emersly; have I, by any imprudence, merited this accusation?" "It is to your too pointed attentions, Sir, meant, no doubt, to turn me into derision, that I may ascribe the displeasure and final discharge of Mrs. Harcourt. I have been accused of coquetry, of affectation, and a mean attempt to attract the notice of a gentleman, too far my superior for me to be justified in such conduct. I should not have mentioned this to you, Sir, but in the faint hope of warning you against ever again, by unmeaning gallantry, exposing an unprotected female to the insults and calumny of the misjudging and prejudiced of her own sex." "And has Mrs. Harcourt accused you of this?" asked the General, with the look and tone of deep indignation. Cornelia could only reply by tears, which she found it impossible to repress. "I'll tell you what, Miss Emersly," resumed the General, "I profess myself to be a man of honour; as such, I feel that I ought to make you reparation for any injury that you may have sustained, in consequence of my unguarded admiration; for, by heaven, I have been sincere in what I have expressed. Let not your dismissal from this house give you a moment's uneasiness, mine is open to receive you as its mistress; what say you, lovely Cornelia, will you share my wealth—my affection?" As he concluded this impassioned sentence, the General threw his arm round her, with the intention of detaining her, as she made an effort to reach the door. Turning her eyes upon him with an angry glance, she exclaimed, "And this you call being a man of honour! well, Sir, I now understand the whole of your conduct, and am sorry to be under the necessity of despising him whom

I felt inclined to respect and esteem. Release me, General; in this house, at least, I trust I am safe from the attacks of a libertine." After such an address, the General found it impossible to detain her; he gazed upon her with silent and earnest admiration, and almost involuntarily opened the door for her to pass through, bowing respectfully as she retreated. Cornelia, agitated and alarmed, hastened to her own apartment, where she hastily packed up her little property, and having already received the salary due to her, wrote a note to take leave of Mrs. Harcourt and her pupils, and then set out on foot, for the house of a person with whom Mrs. Harcourt sometimes dealt, where she meant to engage a lodging, until she could procure a situation by advertising. Having so far succeeded in her plan, and secured a lodging for a week, she sent for her trunks, with a strict charge to the person not to tell any one where she was. She soon drew up a proper advertisement, and waited the result with extreme anxiety.

(To be concluded in our next.)

BONAPARTE.

THE following was Bonaparte's certificate, on leaving the school of Brienne: "M. de Bonaparte (Napoleon) born the 15th of August, 1769, four feet eleven inches, has completed his four years. Constitution—excellent health; character—submissive, mild, polite, and obliging; conduct—extremely regular; has always distinguished himself by his application to the mathematics. He knows his history and geography very tolerably; is very deficient in the polite exercises; will make an excellent seaman; worthy to enter the Military School of Paris."

LITERARY HOURS, No. VIII.

Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis,
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivâ vitæ.

HOR.

ON EPIC POETRY.

(Continued from page 159.)

Res gestæ regumque ducumque, et tristia bella,
Quo scribi possent numero, monstravit *Homerus*.

HOR. A. P.

Homer first taught us in what verse to sing,
The feats of war, a hero and a king.

THE works of Homer, in point of antiquity, rank next to the sacred volume; indeed there is a spirit and a simplicity common to both. What the Bible is considered in sacred, such are the poems of Homer in profane literature.

When he composed the *Iliad*, he only versified an event celebrated in the history of his country and the fables popular in his time. The Greeks had then poets alone to preserve their history and to support their theology; it was not till four hundred years after, that history was written in prose. There is little, indeed, to be wondered at in this practice, in ages of simplicity and ignorance; the worship of the gods and the exploits of heroes were delivered in verse from father to son; they were thus more easily retained by heart, and were superior to prose narrative, as admitting to be sung to music. Poetry, however rude, has been always the first indication of a taste for literature in the earlier periods of history in every country.

In the first ages of Greece, priests, philosophers, and statesmen, all delivered their instructions in poetry. Apollo,

Orpheus, and Amphion, their most ancient bards, are represented as the first tamers of mankind, the first founders of law and civilization. Minos and Thales sung to the lyre the laws which they composed; and till the age immediately preceding that of Herodotus, history had appeared in no other form than that of poetic tales. Among the Scythian or Gothic nations, among the Celtic tribe in Gaul, Britain, and Ireland, we know in what admiration their bards were held, and how great influence they possessed over the people. Thus Lucan writes—

Vos quoque qui fortes animos, belloque peremptos
Laudibus in longum vates diffunditis ævum,
Plurima securi fudistis carmina Bardi.

You too, ye bards, whom sacred raptures fire,
To chaunt your heroes to your country's lyre;
Who consecrate, in your immortal strain,
Brave patriot souls in battle slain;
Securely now the useful task renew,
And noblest themes in deathless songs pursue.

ROWE.

He, therefore, that would read the works of Homer with satisfaction, must be aware of what has just been adduced, or he cannot enter into the spirit, or relish the composition of the author. He is not to look for the correctness and elegance of the Augustan age. He must divest himself of our modern ideas of dignity and refinement, and transport his imagination almost three thousand years back in the history of mankind.

With regard to Homer himself, as much as his works are known as great an ignorance prevails concerning the author. All that can be depended upon, is, that a long time after his death, statues and temples were erected to his memory, and seven cities contended for the honour of his birth; through which cities, it is conjectured, while living he had begged his bread.

The Iliad, which is the principal work of this great poet,

turns on no higher subject than the quarrel of two chieftains about a female slave. The priest of Apollo beseeches Agamemnon to restore his daughter, who, in the plunder of a city, had fallen to Agamemnon's share of the booty. He refuses. Apollo, at the prayer of his priest, sends a plague into the Grecian camp. The augur, when consulted, declares that there is no way of appeasing Apollo, but by restoring the daughter of his priest. Agamemnon is enraged at the augur; professes that he likes this slave better than his wife Clytemnestra; but since he must restore her in order to save the army, insists to have another in her place, and pitches upon Briseis, the slave of Achilles. Achilles, as was to be expected, kindles into rage at this demand; reproaches him for his rapacity and insolence, and after giving him many hard names, solemnly swears, that if he is to be thus treated by the general, he will withdraw his troops, and assist the Grecians no more against the Trojans. He withdraws accordingly. His mother, the goddess Thetis, interests Jupiter in his cause; who, to revenge the wrong which Achilles had suffered, takes part against the Greeks, and suffers them to fall into great and long distress, until Achilles is pacified, and reconciliation brought about between him and Agamemnon.

The praise of high invention has in every age been given to Homer with the greatest reason. The prodigious number of incidents, of speeches, of characters divine and human, with which he abounds, the surprising variety with which he has diversified his battles, in the wounds and deaths, and little history-pieces of almost all the persons slain, discover an invention almost boundless. But the praise of judgement is no less due to Homer than that of invention. His story is all along conducted with art. He rises upon us gradually; his heroes are brought out one after another to be objects of our attention.

Our observations at present have been directed to the Iliad. It is necessary to take some notice of the Odyssey also. Longinus's criticism upon it is not without foundation, that Homer may in this poem be compared to the

setting sun, whose grandeur still remains without the heat of his meridian beams. It wants the vigour and sublimity of the Iliad; yet at the same time possesses so many beauties as to be justly entitled to high praise. It is a very amusing poem, and has much greater variety than the Iliad; it contains many interesting stories and beautiful descriptions. We see every where the same descriptive and dramatic genius, and the same fertility of invention that appears in the other works. It descends indeed from the dignity of gods and heroes, and warlike achievements; but in recompence, we have more pleasing pictures of ancient manners. Instead of that ferocity which reigns in the Iliad, the Odyssey presents us with the most amiable images of hospitality and humanity; entertains us with many a wonderful adventure, and many a landscape of nature; and instructs us by a constant vein of morality and virtue, which runs through the poem.

With respect to English translations of this poet, that of Pope is decidedly the best; at the same time that an English reader can form, from the polished and flowing numbers of the translator, but a faint idea of the style and genius of the Grecian bard. Upon the appearance of this work, Colpani wrote the following epigram—

Morì di fame Omero; alle sue spese
Vivea con lusso il Traduttore Inglese.

Which may be thus *made English*—

For want of bread immortal Homer died,
Now his Translator in his coach can ride.

Cowper's translation of the Iliad into blank verse, is not without merit; he follows his original more "*verbum verbo*" than Pope does, but he is deficient in giving interest to his work. In short, one may compare these translations, the latter to a landscape in the month of May, when every tree looks green, and every grove is melody, the former to the same scene in the gloomy atmosphere of November.

THE FEMALE TOURISTS;

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

(Continued from p. 89.)

ISABEL B. TO HENRIETTA JULIA DE HAUTVILLE.

ALL our projected plans are unavoidably frustrated. The sudden and alarming illness of Mrs. Hamilton has filled us all with consternation; the crisis of her disorder seems approaching, and her unhappy husband will no longer have even the illusive consolation of hoping for her amendment. Anxious to gratify him, and to avoid every possibility of appearing troublesome, she persisted in accompanying us to the theatre the other evening; and I suspect a cold was the consequence, which has completely destroyed the shattered remnant of a broken constitution. Unfortunately this melancholy event has taken place at a time when the Major anticipated the most lively pleasure in the unlooked-for return of a brother, to whom he appears most warmly attached, notwithstanding the peculiar circumstances of his marriage with Mrs. Hamilton might seem to contradict the supposition. Lieutenant-colonel Hamilton, covered with well-earned laurels, is now preparing to re-visit his native country, after an absence of six years. The Major appeared overjoyed upon the receipt of his letter, and immediately communicated the intelligence to the friendly party assembled, and received their congratulations. I, however, who watched the countenance of Mrs. Hamilton, perceived in it more of pain than pleasure; and when her husband, eagerly turning towards her, seemed to await her remark, she replied only by a faint smile and a feeble pressure of the hand. The Major, accustomed to behold in her such sudden changes, seemed more concerned than surprised, and attributing her languor to fatigue, persuaded

her to retire ; she immediately complied, but on the following morning was too ill to join us at breakfast, and has continued so ever since — * * * *

A summons from Mrs. Hamilton obliged me to break off abruptly, and repair to her chamber. She was supported by pillows, and shocked me with the death-like aspect she presented when I first entered. " I have sent for you, my dear Miss B." said she, extending her emaciated hand, " not to pain your kind heart by weak repinings at the doom which I know to be inevitable, but to enjoy with you, while I am able, a few minutes of confidential intercourse. From your intimacy with this family, I have reason to believe you may have heard some particulars respecting me which may tend to give you an unfavourable impression ; perhaps a latent spark of vanity now makes me desirous of undeceiving you ; for I own, that in so doing I must make a humiliating acknowledgement ; so much so, that nothing but the hope of having my memory cherished by persons, dare I say *one person*, too dear to me, could induce me thus to disclose a secret hitherto carefully concealed."

Mrs. Hamilton paused for breath, and I was so much astonished at the strangeness of her address, that I scarcely knew in what manner to receive her confidence. At first I imagined that her senses were disordered, but her look was calm, and tears gently trickled down her cheek, as she reclined her head on my shoulder. I begged her not to distress herself by reverting to any circumstances of painful import. She shook her head. " I shall not suffer the more for speaking on a subject which is constantly in my thoughts," said she, with a deep and heavy sigh, " and I am certain that I may relieve my overcharged heart to you, by a communication which you will consider sacred ; but I am exhausting myself to no purpose ; I must be brief. You have doubtless heard, Miss B——, that I was at a very early age contracted to the brother of my husband, the

man who is now hourly expected." I bowed assent to this interrogation. "But you know not, I presume," she rejoined, "that I was the victim of my own too generous attachment?"

"In what way, my dear Madam?"

"By giving my hand to a man I did not love, and renouncing him I adored; while, to a misjudging world, my conduct appeared the result of artifice and coquetry."

"You astonish me, Mrs. Hamilton! what could induce you to deceive others, to deceive yourself thus cruelly?"

"I will tell you," said she, after a sad pause—"Hamilton, the Hamilton I loved, had bestowed his heart upon one whom he knew would be disapproved by his father; too honourable to marry me with affections devoted to another, he imparted to me the fatal secret; little suspecting, I believe, that it was to me a heart rending one; he even implored me to break off the match, and hinted at the attachment of his brother. This, it is true, I had some previous suspicion of; but, although I esteemed his character, and had been reared in such familiar intercourse with his family as to make me feel for him a sincere and friendly regard, my preference of Augustus was such as to preclude the possibility of my regarding him as a lover with pleasure; deprived, however, of all hope, and perceiving, that by favouring his wishes, I could alone contribute to the happiness of him for whom I would even have sacrificed my life, I affected to regard him with partiality, and suffered him to make proposals to my father, and eventually became his wife."

"You astonish me," said I. "It was, I believe, generally supposed that a mutual attachment subsisted between you and the Major."

"Yes," returned Mrs. Hamilton, "such was the opinion which circumstances certainly authorised; I have, however, endeavoured to prove myself not insensible to his regard, though I feel conscious that I never returned it."

with the warmth and tenderness which it merited ; it is this conviction that embitters my last moments, which has ever preyed upon my spirits, and accelerated my fate. But he will soon be released from a tie which would, I am certain, in time become irksome to him, since it is impossible for him not to perceive the ungrateful indifference with which I have requited his tenderness."—Mrs. Hamilton wept as she concluded these observations, and appeared most painfully agitated. " I do not think," said she, resuming her composure, " that in the event of my death, he could readily bestow his affections on another, though I am half inclined to imagine that there is one to whom such a transfer would prove not unwelcome. Tell me, Miss B——, are you not of my opinion ?" She fixed her eyes upon me with such earnestness as caused in me a visible degree of embarrassment, and I felt myself incapable of making any reply. " I see," she resumed, " you are unwilling to speak on this subject ; perhaps there is an indelicacy in my naming it, but I wished to assure you that such an engagement would be far from unpleasant to me in anticipation. Hamilton deserves to find a heart exclusively devoted to him." I endeavoured to divert her thoughts, by suggesting hopes of her recovering ; but she assured me solemnly that she knew it to be impossible. Finding this long conversation had greatly exhausted her, I quitted her as soon as possible ; but into what a strange confusion of ideas has it not plunged me ! To think that she has discovered my weakness, a secret I thought most carefully guarded from every eye, that she should even suspect me of wishing for an event which I sincerely should deplore, has sensibly wounded my feelings. I am distressed and humiliated in the greatest degree, and would instantly quit the house but for her earnest entreaties that I will remain ; in which the Major cordially joins ; though I must do him the justice to say, that I am certain his only motive is the satisfaction and comfort of his lady. A post-chaise has this moment stopped at the door. I suppose it is the Colonel

arrived. I fear this will prove a painful trial to our poor invalid, though it is not probable they will meet.

Adieu ! I will resume my pen the first opportunity.

Your's,

ISABEL.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS from a MOTHER to her DAUGHTER.

(Concluded from p. 162.)

LETTER VI.

My dear Louisa,

As this must be the last letter I can at present send you, I would not omit giving you my sentiments and advice upon the most important of all subjects, I mean that of religion.

I need scarcely observe, that religion consists in a full conviction and firm belief of the being, perfection, and providence of God, and in a faithful and conscientious discharge of all the duties enjoined by him. The arguments commonly offered to persuade men to the practice of virtue, and to deter them from the follies and vices of life, are attended with the most convincing evidence, if we would only reflect upon the nature of things and the circumstances of our own being.

These inducements are nothing less than the health of the body, the peace and tranquillity of the mind, the prosperity and good order of society, and the true interest of every individual.

Nay, even upon the supposition (absurd and impossible as it is) that there is no God who governs the world, and that there will be no future punishment of any wicked

actions; yet still justice and truth would be what they are; and all falsehood, oppression, and sensuality, would be culpable and injurious. The reason is obvious. For virtue and vice, with the general salutary consequences of the one, and the turpitude and mischiefs of the other, are founded in the constitution of things, in the nature of human society, and in the relations which rational and social creatures bear to each other as well as to their creator.

But though it is unquestionably true in the main, that goodness is to be chosen and wickedness avoided for their own sakes, and their different and opposite present effects; yet, in the state we are now placed in, a state of trial and probation, in order to rise higher in the scale of perfection hereafter, this motive is often found insufficient to hold men steady to their duty, and to preserve their integrity; the argument is good in speculation, but will not fully answer in practice.

Our passions have so considerable a share in our composition, our appetites are so keen and pressing, and objects to gratify them so ready at hand, our pleasures, our temptations, our bad examples, are so various, so attractive, that mere reason is generally too feeble a guard to virtue. And though natural religion be ever so true, and conscience ever so plain, there is something still wanting, to encourage and animate the whole man to awaken and arm every faculty, and cause the passions themselves to become the friends of reason; in a word, to stir up the wills, and to support the resolutions of mankind.

On this account, the Almighty has been so merciful that nothing might be wanting, no method be left untried to invite us to virtue, no excuse remain for any deliberate vice. Besides the light and laws of nature, of reason and experience, he has fortified our minds with his own explicit sanctions; to motives of present interest, he has super-added the promise of future and eternal happiness.

Upon this view of divine benevolence, my dear Louisa, well may we exclaim, with a gifted author, "Father of

mercies, we thank thee, not only that thou hast assigned eternal rewards to virtue, but that even in this bad world the lines of our duty and our happiness are so frequently woven together."

Having thus generally endeavoured to shew you in what religion consists; for farther information on this subject, I shall refer you to "Mrs. Chapone's Letters," "Bishop Porteus's Evidences of the Christian Religion," and "Watts's Scripture History;" but above all, I cannot too strongly impress upon your mind the necessity of a frequent perusal of the sacred volume itself. "I will venture," says Mrs. Bowdler, whose Sermons are much to be admired, "to say, on the authority of the best judges, that if the Bible were only to be considered as the work of man, it has still every claim to attention from the beauty and simplicity of the histories it relates, the wisdom of the instruction it contains, and the information which it gives us on many subjects in which we are all deeply interested. Who can read the story of Joseph without pleasure? Who can read the account of the Flood without terror? Where shall we find a description of friendship so interesting as that of David and Jonathan? Where shall we meet with such useful instruction as in the Proverbs of Solomon? But if we believe that 'all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness,' surely we shall then receive the word with all readiness of mind, and search the Scriptures daily."

As religion, my dear Louisa, does not consist in dry and useless speculations, I would by no means have you engage in controversial divinity, or embrace new-fangled doctrines, so prevalent in the present day. It is not only idle but wicked for persons to open the Bible with no other intention than to distort the meanings of Scripture to their own opinions. Be not deceived by those who will adduce particular passages in confirmation of their principles; you must be guided by the spirit of the whole; and indeed, un-

less you, and those you converse with, were acquainted with the languages in which the Scriptures were originally written, are you competent to enter into minute and verbal criticism. The books I have pointed out for your perusal, are simple and concise; a clear view of Scripture History, which is given by Dr. Watts, is certainly desirable; you would perhaps read the Bible with less advantage without such an outline. I am well aware that there are more voluminous and learned works upon the evidences of Christianity, than the one I have recommended; but, in my humble opinion, it is better suited to those who have made no great progress in biblical and theological reading, than any other I have seen. Commentaries upon the Bible, I confess, generally speaking, I do not very highly appreciate; you stand as much chance of being puzzled as informed by them. I do not mean to assert, that all are to be despised; the Bible now publishing by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, possesses some clear, practical, and explanatory notes. I should not conclude this subject without saying a word upon Sermons proper for your perusal; those of Horne, Blair, Porteus, and Enfield, are deservedly esteemed; indeed, one must read them with little attention, if one is not made both wiser and better by them. Barrow's School Sermons, a selection from the most celebrated preachers, is a judicious and commendable work.

I have thus, my dear Louisa, been as explicit as my talents and information have permitted me. May what I have written be as serviceable as I desire it. To sum up the whole, in the words of St. Paul, "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord;" and that you may see him hereafter is the fervent prayer of

Your most affectionate Mother,

CORNELIA.

SEDUCTION; A FRAGMENT.

Forbear, great God! that vice in virtue's guise
Should e'er unguarded innocence surprise,
Despoil of ev'ry charm that decks her brow,
And give her up to unavailing woe!

Sorrows of Seduction.

Notwithstanding the moralist may fail to excite a due attention and sympathy in the breasts of the unthinking part of mankind, to ameliorate the condition of the untoward victims of seduction, who but too often become the prey of the sensualist, still there are some who applaud the motive, and even compassionate their distress, by endeavouring to alleviate and soften their unfortunate mode of life, "in the midst of which we are in death."

'Tis to the fair here, that I purpose chiefly to address myself, through the medium of your excellent Museum, which professes to advocate the cause of virtue,

"And shew the very age and body of the times,
Its form and pressure."

And what has originated in experience, there is little doubt will be accomplished by example:

"This gives a secret and home-felt delight,
A sober certainty of waking bliss."

It is indeed a lamentable reflection, that man, who stalks forth, "the lord of all," and who prides himself, alas! so fondly, on his superiority of intellect, should be the sole cause of the depravity complained of, more especially in an age of refinement like ours. It is somewhere said, to the immortal honor of Quintilian, that great soever the talents

of the mind, he esteemed those of the heart far before them.

“ Glows with that sacred self-applause,
Ev'n mortals feel in virtue's cause.”

How many an innocent and accomplished female, who, having lost possession of herself, has been left abandoned by her more than barbarous betrayer, to the rebuke of her friends, the insult of the world, and the occasion, perhaps, of the premature dissolution of her aged and afflicted parents!—wants no elucidation—is no imagined picture—every day's sad experience brings indelible proof.

Cradled in a cottage, the florid hue of nature played upon the cheek of the blooming Julia; the rural loves gave animation to her expressive countenance, and added lustre to her beaming eye. Trained up in the paths of religion, her days dawned with unspeakable rapture; artless herself, she thought mankind equally so; too fatally deceived, the once fascinating Julia mourns the hour she first listened to the flattering voice of Horatio; regrets her youth and beauty, that gave sprightliness to her form, and chained in a magic circle her admirers, that animation of eye, which inflamed the ardor of her false lover, and spoke intelligence; and that deserted cottage, now no more, the very spot where it stood a place of interment, and where grew the honey-suckle and jessamine, the grave of her broken-hearted relatives.

To conclude—

“ He who lives virtuously prepares for all events.”

Sept. 3d, 1815.

HATT.

MUSIC.

(Continued from page 124.)

THE great excellence of the piano-forte is its variety of touch, and the tones it is capable of expressing, not only from the force of pressure upon its keys, but also the mani-

fold difference of pulsation upon them. Staccato and Legato passages may both require a degree of force upon the keys, but the manner of applying that force is so completely different, and, according to the sense of the composition, is capable of so many differences, that none but fine players can express them. Supposing a master fully sensible of the passage, who wants the power of executing it upon the instrument, he may describe his ideas of it by words, he may sing, or fiddle, or trumpet it, but all this will give but a faint perception of what the instrument is capable. The complete master, who can play the passage, will immediately set it before his pupil like a picture, where no more is required than to be copied; and the power of the *materiel* is defined in a way that no words, or any other instrument, can identify, and the pupil has a certain and definite aim. The amazing variety of tone and expression the piano-forte can give upon the very same notes, is inconceivable to the learner; and more will be taught by a fine performance in a few minutes upon the instrument, than can, by any other means, be even imperfectly conceived in many lessons.

Supposing two masters to possess equal ideas of the performance of music, in real taste and knowledge, one of whom is master of the instrument, and the other incapable of expressing those ideas upon it; which ought to have the preference? It is generally found that the master who can play will require a higher remuneration than he who cannot; but the number of lessons required will more than counterbalance the sum, and in the end the performer will be found the most economical. That men who have studied music, and can perform well on any instrument, may render great assistance to those who are studying any other, is beyond a doubt; that they may be good critics and excellent advisers is beyond a doubt also; but that any man should be fully capable of teaching the art of playing upon an instrument upon which he himself cannot play, is totally impossible.

There are another class of teachers upon the piano-forte, who are perhaps more numerous, and infinitely more dangerous than the two already described; those who *can* play, or rather those who *cannot* play, but are only capable of making a noise upon the instrument.

The piano-forte is most justly a favourite, and a fashionable instrument, and the numbers who fancy they are learning to play upon it, are inconceivable. From change of circumstances, many who studied it as an accomplishment, will find it necessary to avail themselves of the acquisition as a means of procuring bread, and it is no small recommendation to the pursuit, that it may be useful in so legitimate a purpose. In London especially, the numbers that are professedly educated to give instruction upon it, are infinitely more than in general would be supposed. Of these two classes, the parents must have the direction, and looking only at their incapacity to choose proper instructors, how very few can possibly be equal to the task of becoming teachers! Ignorant of their want of ability, and being goaded on by necessity, the country must be inundated with pretenders to an office they are totally inadequate to fulfil, and hence a host of preceptors will be found who call themselves "professors of the piano-forte." These unfortunates will be deficient in every part of their art, and Music will be the last thing they will be capable of teaching. Bad fingering, bad time, bad accent, and consequently bad expression, is all that can be expected from them, and instead of touch and tone, noise and thumping must supply their place. Forte, fortissimo, piano, and pianissimo; *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, must be lost in bang, bang, bang, to the end of the chapter. The specimens of playing set before the pupil will be vicious and vulgar, and instruction corrupted at its very source. One bad teacher will make many more, and the evil will "spread undivided, and operate unspent."

(To be continued.)

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

The ORPHANS; or, The BATTLE of NEVIL'S CROSS; a Metrical Romance, in Five Cantos. London, Cadell and Davies.

THE poem before us is evidently the production of a mind strongly imbued with the love of poetic lore. The author has judiciously selected a subject sufficiently remote from the present times, which consequently affords an ample range for his imagination. The title of the poem alone would almost inform us upon whose model it was formed. Greatly as we esteem the productions of Mr. Walter Scott, we cannot altogether consider him as a model fit for general imitation. There is a carelessness in the composition and expression of many of his lines; little attention is paid to articles and expletives; there is a constant affectation of obscure antique phraseology, and a too frequent introduction of hard names, whether of men or places; all these we regard as faults, which nothing but original talent and poetic enthusiasm can compensate for. It is not the armor of Achilles, or the sword of Wellington, that will constitute a warrior; no, if we wish to become heroes like them, we must possess their souls. We should likewise take into the account, that the imitation of an original, unless we can move somewhat "*passibus æquis*," is pretty sure of exciting a comparison very little to our advantage. The genius of Walter Scott is worthy of emulation, but his errors must be avoided. We do not mean to assert, that the author of the Orphans does not possess a spark of his genius, but we wish we could say we thought him free from his faults. Lest, however, we should be deemed causelessly fastidious, we select the following passages:—

“Breast their rude rage, and oar his way
Mid bursting surge and smoking spray,

And peals that earth convulse and air,
And fires that quivering—hissing flare;
Yet dauntless still, intrepid, brave
Thunder and fires and vengeful wave."

The reader of the Rejected Addresses may, perhaps, remember lines somewhat similar—

" I now remember, Henry by ;
Such art to hide the rising sigh,
And interest ;—yes, I all recall—
Smile—check'd, and sidelong glance and all
The strife of pleasure and of pain."

We shall conclude this invidious taste with the following—

" And axes sink and axes rise
And blades clang, clatter to the skies.—
" Death ! fury ! shall we see him die
Who my sire sav'd when wounded I—
Ho ! Lambton ! Wycliffe ! soldiers ho !"
A Nevil !! drown'd the shriek of woe."

We wish not to be " extreme to mark" peccadillos of this school of poetry, but we must be allowed to observe, that we entertain no very great affection for words which are not to be found in Johnson's Dictionary ; such, for instance, as *stilly* for *still*, *silent* ; *glint* for *reflect* ; an *open* for an *opening* ; *pair* used, as in the subsequent lines, four times—

" Oh ! is there happiness below,
May *pair* that sainted spirits know."

We do not much delight in such construction as this,

" His the address for art of war,
For fascinating lady fair ;
The proud that won, yet flattered not,
Taught poverty forget his lot."

It is painful to find faults in a poem which contains such lines as the following—

“Come then *Content*, celestial maid!
In all thy native charms array'd:
Be thou my guest; for thine is *health*,
And *peace*, and *happiness*, and *wealth*.
Thine are no nights of fever'd joys,
Of aching cares in quest of toys,—
No laurel, red with blood embrued,—
No victor wreath, with tears bedew'd,—
But simplest garland, fondly wove
By faithful *Friendship* and by *Love*.”

In Canto III. there is a beautiful apostrophe to Albion and her warlike sons; nothing but its length prevents our inserting it. The Lyric parts of the composition are by no means destitute of merit; indeed, throughout the poem, there is much more to be commended than censured. The following must close our extracts; after the *Battle of Nevil's Cross*,—

“—— Vainly shall weeping child require
His father, and his child the sire:
Vainly the widow'd wife, by day,
Her gaze shall oft bend Southern way;
And frequent quit by night the hearth,
To list to sounds of fancy's birth;—
Dejected—lingering—back return,
Again to ponder and to mourn;
And listen to the boding sound,
Of owl's lorn, and night-wind round;
And strain her babe and eye her child,
With tearful gaze and soft and wild;
And anxious feel her fears rise higher,
As lisping prattler asks its sire, —
And prays its musing mother speak,
And troubled asks what fills her eye,—
And fondling,—artless, kisses dry
The tear that then rolls down her cheek.”

We have at present said nothing of the story. *Emma* and *Eustace*, a sister and brother, are orphans; the latter loses his mistress *Ethelina*, which makes him very melancholy; the former is in love with a youth (a non pareil) called *Henry*; after groundless suspicions, fightings, &c. the pair are made as happy as they can wish. The story though in parts obscure, is nevertheless interesting. The *Dramatis Personæ* are well calculated to produce the result desired.

We cannot take leave of our author without expressing our respect for his talents; the blemishes in his poem are greatly counterbalanced by beauties: upon the whole, we have no hesitation in recommending it to the perusal of our readers.

Some Account of a NEW PROCESS in PAINTING, by means of Glazed Crayons; with Remarks on its general Correspondence with the Peculiarities of the Venetian School; by a LADY. Raddock, Brighton, 1815.

WHATEVER tends to restore the lost art of colouring, so happily practised by the old masters, is certainly entitled to our notice and approbation. We trust the discovery made by our fair author, may be brought to perfection. Without, however, seeing the specimens she alludes to, we can only acquire a faint idea of its nature and extent. The author's own words will, perhaps, convey a clearer notion than any thing we can possibly lay before our readers.

"The slight accident of spilling some wax on a crayon drawing, sketched on the back of a book bound in rough calf leather, first led me to engage in a train of experiments, the result of which I now offer to the attention of the public. On attempting to scrape off the wax, a glaze was produced, which exhibited the colouring broken and relieved by the ground, in that peculiar manner which so generally distinguishes works of the old masters. It also gave a depth and mellowness of tone rarely to be found in

modern paintings, and served at once to shew all the brilliant effects that might be obtained, if the art of glazing crayons could be brought to a regular process. It seemed, however, not absolutely impracticable, accidental effects discover possibilities which experiment may at last regulate into system, and this possibility determined me at least to make the attempt."

* * * * *

"After devoting the entire leisure of the last seven years to this undertaking, I have at length succeeded in bringing to a regular process, a system of dry colouring, which, besides its external resemblance to the Venetian manner, bears such a close correspondence with all that distinguishes this school from every other known mode of painting, that I confess it appears to me impossible entirely to reject so many concurring analogies."

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.

JUV. SAT. 1.

THE contents of the French and German papers continue to be materially at variance as to the arrangements respecting France. The treaty is asserted by the French editors, to have been signed on the 27th ult. and to guarantee the integrity of France; while accounts in the Brussels papers state directly the reverse. There is some probability in the opinion, that the treaty will not be made public till the meeting of the two chambers. In the mean time, so far from any preparations having yet been made for the evacuation of France by the allied troops, measures have just been adopted for their further maintenance in that country.

The sieges of several of the French fortresses, which still hold out, are carrying on with the utmost vigour.

It is remarked, as a happy fruit of liberal sentiments in our days, that for the first time two Protestant princesses are married to two Archdukes of Austria without having previously changed their religion.

The palace of Reuss, at Berlin, is given to Prince Blucher by his sovereign.

The swords voted by the Corporation of the city of London to the commanders of the allied armies, are to be sent to the Duke of Wellington, and by him presented to those heroes.

As Lord Castlereagh was walking in the Champs Elysees, Paris, lately, a led horse passing by, launched out against him with both his legs, and struck his Lordship on the two thighs just above the knees. The contusion on one limb is considerable, but we understand his Lordship is not likely to be confined by the effects of it more than a few days.]

Great preparations are making for the inauguration of the King of the Netherlands at Brussels, in the open air, conformably to the antient usages; previously to which the King is making a tour of his dominions. He is every where received with raptures of joy by the people, who promise themselves much happiness under their new constitution.

The British army in the environs of Paris is much larger than ever known before in one collective body; it is supposed not fewer than 100,000 men, including Hanoverians; and troops are constantly arriving from Flanders.

The Duchess of Cumberland (just arrived in this country) appears to be about thirty-six years of age; her features highly pleasing, and when she speaks or smiles, they assume the appearance of much sprightliness and innate good nature; her hair is a light brown, and her complexion of course fair; in her manners she is extremely affable; and she possesses a considerable flow of spirits, with a mind highly cultivated. Her Royal Highness is niece to her Majesty, and had been twice married before her union with the Duke. She has at this time six children living, and has buried four.

It is said that a marriage is in contemplation between the Prince of Orange and a sister of the Emperor of Russia, and that the Prince is expected to take a journey to Petersburg in the month of October, when the marriage is to be celebrated.

The Duke and Duchess of Angoulême, previous to setting out for Bordeaux, assisted at a ridiculous species of superstitious mummary, in a pompous procession to the church of Notre Dame, with the Duke of Berri, &c. &c. to celebrate what they call the *Vow of Louis XVIII.* These heterogeneous compositions of Pagan pomp and Romish craft, it was hoped, would have been laid aside in the present enlightened times.

The Princess of Wales has purchased a fine seat, belonging to General Pino, and situated on the beautiful and picturesque *Lago di Corno*, in the Milanese, where it is said her Royal Highness intends to fix her residence. It is about twenty miles from Milan, and one of the most delightful spots in the universe.

Price of Stocks, September. 3 per cent. Consol. $56\frac{1}{2}\frac{3}{4}$.—5 per cent. $84\frac{1}{2}$.—Omnium $6\frac{1}{2}\frac{1}{2}$ p.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

Saturday, the 9th of September, this theatre opened for the season with Colman's excellent comedy of *John Bull*, and the farce of the *Adopted Child*. At an early hour all the avenues were crowded, and before the curtain drew up every seat was filled. The proprietors having abandoned the idea of an advance in the price of admission to the pit, that part of the theatre was filled with a genteel assemblage of persons, who testified their approbation in a very striking and appropriate manner. Previous to the commencement of the comedy, the whole vocal strength of the house came forward, and sang the popular air of "God save the

King," during which the audience were uncovered, and joined in the chorus. The play is so well known, and so deservedly a favourite, that it defies the power of criticism. It was extremely well cast; that promising young actor, Wallack, sustained for the first time the character of *Tom Shuffleton*, which he performed with much ease and spirit, and was greeted with unanimous plaudits; and Johnstone, the original *Dennis Brulgruddery*, delighted the audience by his excellent representation of the honest Hibernian. Dowton, Oxberry, Mrs. Glover, and Miss Boyce, were respectively excellent, and received unqualified applause.

In the after-piece, we had much to applaud in the acting of Miss Kelly and Mr. Kent; the latter is likely to become a great favourite with the public, as he does not "o'erstep the modesty of nature," and has a just conception of the characters he undertakes. Our long-standing favourite, Mrs. Bland, appeared with powers undiminished, and proved that the inexorable ravisher, Time, had in vain attempted to make his usual havoc upon her person or her qualifications.

The interior of the theatre has been thoroughly cleaned, and the two private boxes adjoining the two-shilling gallery taken away, so that the space is thrown into the gallery.

"*The Hypocrite*" on Tuesday night furnished the lovers of sterling comedy with a treat in Dowton's *Cantwell*. Wrench and Mrs. Edwin were succeeded in *Colonel Lambert* and *Charlotte* by Wallack and Miss Kelly; both put forth considerable claims to approbation. Miss Kelly displayed much of her wonted vivacity.

After the play a new melo-dramatic romance was produced, called *The Magpie, or the Maid of Palaiseau*.

There are two translations of the *Pie Voleuse*: in this the lover is not the nimble, generous rustic; that character is retained, but a young soldier is brought forward to receive the hand of *Annette*. The Lyceum piece is in two acts, this is in three. It is on the whole a very ef-

fective and interesting production; and sustained as it is by the abilities of Mupden, Dowton, Knight, Oxberry, Wallack, and Miss Kelly, cannot fail proving of great and lasting attraction. The ballet introduced in the first act is very pretty, and the exertions of Mr. Oscar Byrne and Miss Smith were deservedly admired. The overture, selected from Beethoven, by Cooke, is good; and the original music, which accompanied parts of the performance, occasionally added much to its interest and effect. The whole of the scenery is beautiful and appropriate. The piece went off with great applause.

COVENT GARDEN.

This magnificent temple of the Muses opened its doors to the public on Monday, the 11th of September. Here, as at the sister theatre, the intended advance on the pit has been relinquished, and harmony thus restored between the managers and the town; the representatives of the latter were left at full liberty to give themselves up to that admiration which the improvements recently made are so well calculated to inspire.

The exertions made to adorn the interior of the house, and the vast change made in its appearance within the few weeks which have elapsed since the late season closed, it is impossible to contemplate but with the most agreeable surprise. It almost seems as if the slaves of *Aladdin's Lamp* have been set to work. Accustomed to those delays which are so proverbially common in cases where great buildings are to be improved, we can hardly recognise the labours of mere workmen, in decorations so expeditiously supplied, and so well executed. The theatre is again regenerated; and for the third time in the short space of six years, it presents us with all the freshness and beauty of a new erection.

The national ornaments with which the fronts of the boxes were adorned in 1813, have been burnished anew; the pannels new painted; and to make the *coup d'œil* complete a splendid new curtain presents itself on the stage, "designed," as it is expressed in the bills (and admirably executed "to harmonise with the whole."

This curtain has a much richer appearance than that which supplanted the venerable green one last year. The great beauty of the one which is now introduced, diminishes so considerably the regret which we formerly felt for the loss of that to which we had been accustomed so long, that we could hardly recognise it as one of those things which ought to be liable to give place to novelty. It represents a superb crimson curtain bordered with gold, partially drawn up, to reveal the massy columns over which it is suspended. The boldness of these give great effect to the representation of distance in the back-ground. In the centre a temple (of Concord, we presume) commands by its beauty the attention of the spectator; and to the left of the audience, a triumphant pillar guides the eye to the model of another of those noble structures which formed the pride of ancient days. In thus hastily enumerating some of the objects which it presents, we only attempt to give an idea of the general design, which is so felicitously executed, that while we do not feel satisfied in dismissing it so briefly, we fear a more laboured description would do it greater injustice, as, to comprehend its merits, it is necessary to see it in its place.

The external part of the theatre, by the grand entrance, the stairs leading to the Shakspeare room, and the Shakspeare room itself, are brilliantly illuminated with gas, elegantly disposed in a variety of forms. The circles and branches of flame, which are interspersed with lamps of the ordinary construction, though supplied from the same source, shed a rich flood of tremulous light on the avenues of the Theatre, which well prepare the visitors for the splendour which waits for them within.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR OCTOBER, 1815.

EVENING DRESS.

A Boddice of coloured Satin and Lace, ornamented with French Trimming; the Train of Crape, or India Muslin, with double Flounce of Lace at the bottom; coloured Riband to suit the Body; long Sash of blue Satin, tied in front; Necklace to correspond; Gloves, French Kid; Slippers, Satin.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

A Dress of Jaconaut Muslin, made high in the Neck; plain long Sleeves, rather large; double Frill at the Wrists to correspond with the Neck, and double Flounce of worked Muslin at the bottom; a Mantle of French Silk, a Waterloo Hat ornamented with Feathers, Half-boots, Gloves, &c. to correspond.



Fashionable Costume for October.

Published by T.W. H. Paine, October 11th 1846.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

SONNET, ON HUMAN LIFE.

A JOYLESS pilgrim in life's thorny maze,
Dark is the road my wand'ring steps must tread,
While courting sorrow, on the world I gaze,
And view the shameless scenes around me spread;
Here base-born grandeur lifts his upstart head,
And frowns triumphant in the subject air,
While the weak wretch, by venal arts misled,
Sinks the sad victim of deserv'd despair.
Here Vice, too prosp'rous, as the mountain pine
The blast of danger fearless can defy;
While the vain crowd is dazzled by the shine
Of empty honours, nor regard the sigh
Of suffering merit, in its lonely shrine
Pent by the iron hand of stern adversity.

OCTAVIA.

THE LAKE.

O'ER the lake's crystal stream play'd the sun's glowing beam,
And the pink clouds of eve gaily travers'd the sky;
While the soft summer breeze scarce could wave the tall trees
That rais'd, on the margin, their thick shade on high.
But soon rag'd the storm, and the rude winds deform
The smooth tranquil scene, with their loud-howling breath;
So sorrow's wild blast all my visions o'erblast,
And my sun rose in rapture, but vanish'd in death.
Though again the clear stream will assume its mild beam,
And its surface shine bright in the tints of the heav'n;
Yet peace ne'er returns to the sad heart that mourns
The form it lov'd dearest, eternally riv'n.

OCTAVIA.

STANZAS.

THE tears that we shed in our grief
Shall peace to the bosom recall;
For tears are the springs of relief,
And solace the heart as they fall.
So vanish the glooms that o'ershadow the plain,
The clouds that are bursting on high;
They melt in the gush of the rain,
And the sun-beams revisit the sky.

Oh! think not his spirit is meek
Who silently struggles with care,
And trust not the smile on his cheek,
For oh! 'tis the smile of despair.
So breaks the sweet moon through the storms of the night
And smiles on the darkness profound;
But who shall rejoice in the light
That shows but the tempest around!

EPITAPH.

To tell the virtues that perhaps might glow
With hallow'd meekness in the dust below,
To tell the vices that might harbour there,
And paint each folly to the vulgar stare,
Were bootless now;—no censure could alarm,
No love could waken, and no praise could charm.
Stranger! that wand'rest o'er the green turf cold,
Where sleep my relics in the silent mould,
Grieve not for me, nor idly seek to learn
If aught were mine to reverence or spurn;—
Look to thyself—enough the tomb hath said,
Enough the 'graven tablet of the dead,
If haply warning as thou ramblest by,
This humble stone can teach thee how to die.

WRITTEN DURING INDISPOSITION.

YET will I cease complaining, nor again
Turn with impatience to the taper's gleam,
And watch its waning light till morning beam—
Steep with "oblivious antidote" the pain,
And languor of disease :—awhile, sad train
Of thought dismaying weaves the fearful dream,
And with convulsive start, or hectic scream,
Wakes to the horrors of a phrensied brain.
Come then! who smil'st at grief, and lov'st to 'bide
With the lone captive in his dreary cell,
Till he forbear the tedious hours to chide,
Or to the grated walls his sorrows tell :
Come, teach me now each ardent wish to quell,
And silently endure, whatever ills betide.

Hush'd is the lyre attun'd in happier days,
Amid the jocund scenes my childhood knew,
O'er which, when hope, or joy inspired, I threw
A fearless hand, and woke accordant lays ;
And as the stranger cautiously essays
With distant air, and slow confiding view,
In social throng to greet the generous few :
So now my hand distrustful trembling strays,
With dubious touch the tuneful chords among,
And fain would wake again thy willing strains,
Yet still to sweep with bolder stroke refrains,
Lest thou, my early lyre, neglected long,
For themes that oft the partial muse disdains,
No more responsive vibrate to my song.

S. H. C.

JULIA.

FAREWELL ! each fond remember'd scene,
Where erst with Julia oft I've been—
By murm'ring founts, fresh vales and groves,
Blest haunts of pure Platonic loves !
Encircled in her tender arms,
How have I linger'd o'er her charms !
Drank the soft stream of love's desire
Unquench'd,—and faithful to its fires !
Impassion'd, sipt her fragrant breath—
Once warm in love—now cold in death !
O ye, whose souls are prone to feel
What the swoll'n heart would here reveal,
Ye who have seen the beaming eye
Shed its last ray, its current dry,
As keenly felt the hour that gave
Some dear ador'd one to the grave,
Think what I felt when forc'd to sever
From her I lov'd—who lov'd me ever.

HATT.

SONG.

EVER sprightly, debonair,
Playful as the wanton air,
Sporting through the waving trees,
Lightly as the passing breeze,—
See my charming Flora hies ;
Now the mystic dance she tries ;
Gaily to the tabor's sound,
Quick she trips the fairy ground.
Smiling like the vernal morn
When its softest tints adorn
The spotless lily of the grove,
Blooming forth in virgin love !
Or the new-born tender rose,
When its blushing charms disclose
To the mind's enraptur'd eye,
Beauty and variety !

HATT.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

YES! I have caught the parting sigh
Of her I lov'd so well,
And she has breath'd, in agony,
A long, a last farewell ;
And I have seen the life-blood start
In thrilling torture from her heart,
All powerless to repel ;
And when returning morning shone,
Its bright beams dawn'd on me alone.
Long had I mark'd her fading bloom,
Her dim and rayless eye,
Each tender glance involv'd in gloom,
Or follow'd by a sigh.
I sought in vain the redd'ning blush,
'Twas slow consumption's fainter flush
That mock'd reality.
Alas! no human hand could save
My Ellen from her destined grave.
She died ;—the grief that tears me now
Sprung instant to my brain ;
There mem'ry rules with iron brow,
And heightens still my pain.
The lonely star that o'er me shed
Its mild yet joyful ray, is fled,
It ne'er shall rise again ;
And I am doom'd to bear below
A still increasing weight of woe.
Oh ! Ellen, o'er thy cherish'd urn
Still madly must I rave,
Yet mourn not as the vulgar mourn
In tears upon thy grave ;
I seek, but vainly seek to weep—
Mine is the grief that cannot sleep,
And Death alone can save.
O that his hand would set me free,
And yield my soul to heav'n and thee.

J. T.

SONNET TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

'Tis silence all—no more that laugh is heard
 Which wounds the bosom that it thought to cheer;
 'Tis silence all—save where the plaintive bird
 Awakes the lay, repaid by sorrow's tear.
 Dear friend of grief, who, while the glad repose,
 Art still complaining where the wretched rove;
 Thy little heart has surely known the woes
 That wring the bosom of unhappy love:
 Thee too perhaps some tyrant may deny,
 A dearer self, and doom thro' life to die.
 Oh! could I quit for thine my hated race,
 And hide the anguish of my soul in down,
 Me by a sadder song thou soon would'st trace
 To hear my mournful tale, and tell thy own.

TO CAMOENS.

ON PERUSING LORD STRANGFORD'S SPIRITED TRANSLATION.
 BY H. FINN.

Poet, who pluck'd the bud of song,
 Op'd it, and living fragrance stole,
 Ere poesy her flowers among
 Had stray'd to cull the blossom'd whole.
 Poet, who shelter'd little love,
 And drew the pen from out his pinion,
 As Iris gay, light as the dove,
 To deck in loveliest tints thy minion.
 Poet, who touch'd the softest chord
 When hardest wrung by kindless woe;
 Fond flooding love and hope hath pour'd,
 Tho' hope or love scarce deign'd to flow.
 Poet, thy sightless child hath hung
 His grief-dew'd quiver and his bow,
 Near the dumb lyre thy death unstrung,
 A trophy to his bard below.
 Poet, thy fate each Muse shall weep,
 Love will with pity blend the tear;
 And they shall votive vigil keep,
 To epitaph thy genius here!

SONG.

Tune—"Whistle ow'r the lave o't."

Nou I'll whistle, nou I'll sing,
Nou I'll caper, nou I'll fling,
Nou the chairs about I'll ding,
For guess ye man, I'm married!

The happy day is come at last,
A' my doubts and fears are past,
A' my cares behind me cast;
For fast and firm, I'm married.

Oh! how happy I am nou,
Happier than a prince I trow,
When I prece her bonnie mou,
And think that I am married.

The batchelor's a stupid ass,
Pretends he disna like a lass,
Weary may his moments pass,
Till ance that he gets married.

Oh the Sumph, he disna ken
That they're far the happiest men,
Wha a bonnie lass hae ta'en,
And kiss'd her, and got married.

Never heed the want o' siller,
Gif her cheek's a rosy colour,
Clap her ay, and whisper till her,
What think ye to be married?

She'll aiblins say, "Ye're no that blate,
To speak to me at sic a rate."
But never fear, for sune or late,
Fu' glad they're to be married.

Then ye'll whistle, then ye'll sing,
Then ye'll caper, then ye'll fling,
Wow but it's a happie thing,
When ane gets coshly married!

Glasgow, July 5th, 1815.

JOHN MAC DONOCHIE.

TO OSCAR.

WHY, Oscar, tune thy harp to sorrow?
Why strike the strings to tales of woe?
Thou! who from every Muse can'st borrow
Each thrilling joy that mortals know.

Mourn'st thou for friends untimely taken?
Griev'st thou for moments past of ease?
Remember, faith to God unshaken
His mercy in his chast'ning sees.

Perhaps a pleasing softness stealing
O'er thy young mind, gain'd pow'rful sway;
And in that hour of tender feeling
Urg'd thee to pen thy plaintive lay.

'Tis so! for ne'er can Oscar languish
In doubt, or future evils fear;
So prone to sooth another's anguish,
So skill'd the drooping heart to cheer.

MALVINA.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AMONG the several Letters received are one from a MAID, and another from a BACHELOR, which shall meet with attention.

"Maternal Antipathy," a Narrative, and "Wife and No Wife," from authors whose labours have been of essential service to this work, are under consideration.

"A Sermon in Verse," from its tendency as well as rarity, is entitled to our respect, and shall certainly appear.

As our supply of Poetry is nearly exhausted, we have to request our friends will do us the favour to exert themselves for the following Number.

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ty,

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for



Miss Walstein.

From an Original Painting.

Published by J. W. Hill, 1812.